

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XII—NO 42.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2 1800.

WHOLE NO. 614.

## SCHABRACO.

[CONTINUED.]

DEAF to the unconnected petition, he loosened her hands from the wall to which she clung, and, meager her strong attempts to resist the unmanly treatment, dragged her to the bottom of the steps which were dimly illumined by the evening ray. Exhausted by her violent endeavors, she now submitted to be carried along a gloomy passage, till arriving at a sort of niche in the wall, he placed her on a seat, where she sunk insensible of her wrongs, nor recovered, till, by a feeble light streaming from a lamp suspended from above, she perceived herself in a recess, but whether below the foundation of the house or not, she could not ascertain. On a table, near the mattress designed for her bed, lay refreshments of different sorts; and, had it not been for an earthy dampness that arose about her, she could have fancied herself as well accommodated as before.

It seemed as if her resolute denial had entirely changed the course of Stephano's intentions. His visits were seldom, and marked with a fullness bordering on hatred. She was regularly served with provisions; and in a tedious illness that succeeded this horrible usage, which was attended with almost continual insensibility, she faintly remembered the appearance of female figures; but, upon addressing one of them in a reasonable interval, she could not obtain a single monosyllable in answer; nor could she ever understand to what was owing her emancipation from her supposed dungeon, unless it might be owing to the representation of the women she recollected to have seen; but, as if the restless passions of her Monkish persecutor had found other sources of gratification, she once more so far provoked him, by her spirited conduct, as to bring upon herself the dreadful consequences of his revenge; and again was forcibly compelled to take up her abode in another subterranean prison, where (notwithstanding the cheering light of day was totally excluded) she was comforted by sometimes hearing sounds descend from above her head—the braying of mules, the jingling of their bells, the voices of their drivers, and those of such creatures as were to be met with in that dreary spot. Even the roaring thunder and whistling wind carried a gleam of consolation to a heart thus torn from its dearest claims. But what afforded a superior pleasure, was the possession of a guitar, which, next to the exercise of rational (not enthusiastic) piety, cheated the weary hours of half their anxiety; and thus passed eleven years of almost uninterrupted solitude.

Her diet was spare, and scantily supplied, but it was equal to the demand of nature. She had the satisfaction of knowing it was regularly brought by a female, whose decent attentions to personal inconveniences was grateful to the distressed Sabrina; but her kindness extended not to speech, and our poor captive was obliged to content herself with such limited enjoyments.

It was now her positive opinion that Father Stephano's revenge would end but with her existence, and that she should endure it in no other shape than that of perpetual confinement. She

would sigh, and weep, when agonizing retrospect brought the idea of her dear, deserted relatives before her; and years had elapsed before she could think of them with christian resignation. But there were moments, when even the tenderest recollections discomposed not the calm and pious frame she was sedulous to obtain; and in those moments her triumph was complete.

It was impossible for Sabrina to account for her sudden liberation from her prison, which only happened on the day, or rather evening, previous to Piozzi's visit; when, to her utter amazement, Stephano presented himself at the door of her cavern, and, offering his hand, led her through a long arched vault which opened into passages of a low, narrow construction. Sabrina conjectured, from the time they were pulling through them, that her abode was at some distance from the house; and this well accounts for the mysterious music Rinaldo had so recently heard. The appearance of Durandor, who met her at the trap-door through which she had formerly been conveyed, contributed not to calm the emotions Stephano excited. In his countenance she traced the dark and gloomy features of unsatisfied vengeance;—in Durandor's, expression of fear, servility, and confusion. She was conducted into an apartment on the ground floor, when Durandor retired, and her heart throbbed with agony inexpressible; when Stephano, again catching her hand, and pushing her as it were from him, fixed an eye so terrible, so malignant, so indicative of murder upon her death-like features, that she sunk intuitively upon her knee before him, while he uttered, in tremendous, yet half-smothered accents—"Sabrina, thou must die!" At the same instant drawing a weapon from his bosom, which he was upon the point of plunging into her's, when, impelled by that nameless something which clings to a desire of life, she started from him, and fled.

What followed this eventful moment has already been described, and we shall now return to the wretched Schabracco, who owed the prolongation of a pernicious life to the care of Durandor. Revived by the administration of volatile essences, that miserable victim to depraved and villanous principles, expressed, in terms the most diabolical, his hatred of Piozzi, Sabrina, and those whom he had so deeply injured.—"I tell you, Durandor," he cried, "my soul will never know peace till the whole of that race is abolished! They have gone before in every great and noble purpose. But for the birth of him whom I detest, Stephano would have inherited the honors of Piozzi. The plea of illegitimacy was incompetent to my dispossession of them. Ah! little knows the poltroon that Father Stephano and Hernando Piozzi are one and the same person. But am I not talking to an enemy? Yes;—thou basely gavest up the cause of thy master."—A slight convulsion checked the sad ebullition of unrestrained passion. His wounds again poured forth torrents; impelled by the turbulent emotions of his mind, strong spasms succeeded; but not without some intervals, in one of which he beckoned to Durandor, and then pointing to a small chest—"If ever you obeyed me," urged the un-

happy sufferer—"If you would make amends for your treachery—destroy, I charge you—but, I cannot—Durandor—Revenge,—Sweet—desireable—Durandor—burn—Oh!"—Another convulsion prevented what he had further to say; and Durandor soon after beheld him cease to breathe. The contest was over; and his attendant shuddered at the shocking close of a life he so well knew to be fraught with almost every vice that can disgrace mortality.

Desirous of making every restitution the case would admit, Durandor no sooner recovered from the shock Stephano's sudden demise had induced, than he hastened to Messina with the chest so strongly insisted upon by his master to be destroyed. Count Piozzi hastily forced the lid, and an icy horror crept through his veins upon discovering the insignia of an Order which Signor Leoni constantly wore, as also several rings of value, well remembered by the Count to belong to that unhappy gentleman. These were covered by several papers, which proved, upon examination, to be a sort of memoir, written from time to time, and horribly expressive of the mind that could dictate its infernal contents. From what could be gathered from these, and the confession of Durandor, who had been deeply concerned in all the guilty secrets, Piozzi became fully possessed of those motives which had produced such terrible consequences; we shall therefore give the whole of the events as connected in point of time.

It appeared, then, that Hernando Piozzi, an illegitimate branch of that house, had received an education to fit him for the church of Rome. His existence was unknown to the Count; but Hernando knowing himself to be that nobleman's half cousin, and son to the then possessor of the title, conceived a design to become his legal heir, should the Count die unmarried. This happened exactly as he wished; but there was still an insuperable bar to his inheritance:—Piozzi, the present Count, whose father was also deceased, immediately claimed the honors of his house, and was duly established in them. From that period Hernando, who was inconveniently situated in respect to pecuniary matters, determined to give full scope to his intriguing powers; and, quitting his convent, journeyed to Leghorn, and in consequence of those powers became invested with the advantage of Confessor to Piozzi's house.

Withheld by no moral ties, and laughing at the denunciation of a religious system, whose thunders he secretly defied, Father Stephano (no longer Hernando) viewed the gentle Sabrina as a proper object to gratify his criminal passions. It would be a glorious revenge for the disappointment they had innocently occasioned, to corrupt the purity of a guileless heart, and make her the primary cause of much misery to a family he detested. Besides, her person was charming, and would suit his voluptuous propensities. How far he triumphed, is already seen, in respect to that unfortunate lady; but the Signor, whose death Piozzi had long lamented, was equally detested by their most dangerous enemy. His attempts to dissuade Sabrina from an acceptance of Leon's offers was not so completely shrouded under a religious mask as to evade the suspicions of an ardent



lover. He saw, and exposed, the subtle sophistry of Stephano, but he could not trace to its source the infernal motive. Enough, however, of his dislike to this conduct appeared, to convince the Monk he must adopt another plan, and Leoni was marked as an additional victim.

About this time Durandor was introduced by his subtle friend to Pizzini's service, and by the humility of his manners obtained a considerable degree of notice in his station. We have before observed, that Stephano possessed but a scanty share of Fortune's favors, but it was in consequence of his misbehavior to his father, who saw his wretched propensity to evil, and flouted him accordingly. The assassination of Leoni, in which he was deeply concerned, opened to him a source of affluence. It was brought about by his contrivance; for Father Stephano, although confessedly a member of the church of Rome, was connected with the most dangerous depredators in Calabria, and occasionally used the old house, where Sabrina had been confined, as a place of meeting. To them he committed as much of his intentions respecting Leoni as were sufficient to the sacrifice of that injured man, whom they robbed and murdered. His personal effects were extremely valuable, and Stephano was so excessively rapacious, that this rapacity had nearly proved his ruin; for one of the gang, displeased at what he conceived to be an unjust appropriation, contrived to accuse, without being seen in it, the man whom he had jointly sworn to stand by; and after seeing him in the hands of the police, the vile fraternity flew from Florence, and reached Calabria in safety.

[To be concluded in our next.]

#### THE SHEPHERD OF OGERSHIEM.

GONSALVO, who was Lieutenant-General to the Spanish General, the Marquis of Spinola, and Governor of Milan, in 1634, intending to take possession of a little walled village in the Palatinate, called Ogersheim, dispatched an officer, at the head of some troops upon that errand. On the first alarm, nine tenths of the inhabitants removed to Mannheim, leaving behind them about twenty insignificant people, and a poor shepherd, who, beside being a brave fellow, was a man of humor. The shepherd in good time fastened the gates, let down the draw-bridge, and made a wonderful shew of resistance. A trumpeter summoned the village in form, upon which the few inhabitants that remained made their escape through a postern-gate, and left only the shepherd, and his wife. This unaccountable peasant, in the style of the representative of a garrison, gave audience, from the walls, to the military Herald, and made his terms of capitulation, inch by inch, stipulating, at the same time, for the preservation of the state, and the free exercise of the Protestant religion. Imagine, therefore, what must be the surprise of the Spaniards, when they entered the village, and found him and his wife only in it! Yet the droll peasant preserved the muscles of his countenance inflexible; and, some weeks afterward, he desired the great Gonsalvo to stand godfather to his child; which honor the pompous Spaniard, for the jest's sake, could not decline, but, on the contrary, sent her some very handsome presents.

#### MILITARY ANECDOTE.

WHEN his Grace of Northumberland, was only Earl Percy, and commanded the fifth regiment of foot at Limerick in Ireland, he, after many hints and rubs in the newspapers, consented to give the officers in garrison a dinner, which he did at a tavern, ordering it for fifty persons, at eighteen pence per head. The officers hearing this, were resolved to shew him the superior generosity of their minds; for which purpose they went to the tavern-keeper and desired him to prepare the dinner at one guinea per head, and they would make up the difference. When the company was called into the eating room, they found a first course of all that the season could afford, a second still more costly, and a dessert of the most expensive kind. The noble Earl was astonished, and this astonishment grew greater when Champaign, Burgundy, and other the most costly wines, appeared on the board. But he durst not make a remark. The company drank his health, admired the splendor and magnificence of the entertainment, which they said was worthy of the house of Percy; and so well did they enjoy it, that they sat to the bottle until eight the next morning, breaking and spilling more than they drank in order to swell the amount. The noble Earl retired early, sent for the landlord, and asked him the meaning of such a dinner. The landlord telling the truth, his lordship appeared much ashamed of his penurious conduct, desired the whole bill to be brought in next day, and with a sigh discharged it.

#### A PICTURE OF HUMAN LIFE.

BEHOLD that scene, yon trembling main,  
On whose smooth brow soft breezes sleep!  
No breath disturbs the azure plain,  
Or moves the surface of the deep.

Fond o'er the tide the vessels run,  
Nor fear the rocks, nor dread the wind;  
Unfold their canvases to the sun,  
Regardless of the storms behind.

But, hark! from yonder bustling clouds,  
The tempest breaks, loud thunders roar,  
Which split the masts, tear off the shrouds,  
And dash them headlong on the shore.

By flitting gales too soon betray'd  
To leave their port and tempt the wave,  
Those billows where they lately play'd,  
Become, alas! too soon their grave.

In this sad scene thyself behold,  
Nor does thy bliss the image wrong;  
The rocks that dash our hopes, as bold,  
The storms that vex our life, as strong.

Opening by fortune's smiles to-day,  
Our fame looks fair, our honors bloom;  
To-morrow, with'ring, all decay,  
Shadow'd by envy or a tomb.

#### STANZAS.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

THE chilling gale that nipp'd the rose,  
Now murmuring sinks to soft repose;  
The shad'wy vapors sail away,  
Upon the silv'ry floods of day;  
Health breathes on every face I see,  
But, ah! she breathes no more on me!

The woodbine waits in odours meek  
To kiss the rose's glowing cheek;  
Pale twilight sheds her vagrant show'rs,  
To wake Aurora's infant flowers;  
May smiles on every face I see,  
But, ah! she smiles no more on me.

Purchance, when youth's delicious bloom  
Shall fade unheeded in the tomb,  
Fate may direct a daughter's eye  
To where my mould'ring reliques lie;  
And, touch'd by sacred sympathy,  
The eye may drop a tear for me!

Betray'd by love; of hope bereft;  
No gentle gleam of comfort left;  
Bow'd by the hand of sorrow low;  
No pitying friend to weep my woe,  
Save her who spired by heav'n's decree,  
Shall live to sigh and think on me!

Oh! I would wander where no ray  
Breaks through the gloom of doubtful day,  
There would I court the wintry hour,  
The lingering dawn, the midnight show'r;  
For cold and comfortless shall be  
Each future scene--ordain'd for me!

#### THE STORM.

WITH awful gloom the heavens are overcast;  
The skies, relenting pour down floods of rain;  
Through bending woods rebounds the hollow blast;  
And torrents rush, impetuous, o'er the plain.

The mazy lightnings flash from pole to pole,  
And tip the mountains with their silver light;  
While deep'ning peals of echoing thunders roll,  
To shake the guilty breast with dire affright.

Prone to the earth, and shiver'd by the wind,  
The leafy monarchs of the forest lie;  
While ruin'd palaces to earth configur'd,  
Awaken terror, and provoke the sigh.

Loud was the shock of elements! Shall man  
The Pow'r that rais'd these wonders dare to scan?

#### THE CONSOLATION.

MY goods are lost, my house is burnt,  
And yet, upon my life,  
No great misfortune have I met,  
For in't was burnt my wife.

#### THE SEDUCED DAUGHTER.

A FRAGMENT.

\*\*\*\*\* "I HAVE lost my lamb," exclaimed the father, as he sat weeping on the stone.

---"And was it all thou hadst?"

"Alas!" answered he, "my flocks whiten the distant hills--but I shall no more lead them to the uplands in winter, nor drive them to the vale in the summer. They will see their master no more.---Another's voice must call them to their pastures, and other hands must make the fold in the evening--for I have lost my lamb, and my strength fails me."

"Gentle stranger, if I breathe my last in your presence suffer not my flesh to feed the raven--but let the turf cover me--and may heaven in its mercy, shield the heart of my poor devoted child from knowing that her misfortune and disgrace has broken the heart of her father."

---"It is, then, a daughter thou hast lost--it is a darling child whom thou seekest--alas!"

---"Alas indeed!" said the farmer, "the flower of the valley was not half so fair--nor the honey suckle so sweet--nor the dove more innocent than Matilda--nor," continued he, elevating his voice, "the wolf more savage than the monster who bore her away from me. But he is rich--these plains call him master--and I have nought but dust to help me. My son died as he was fighting for his country--or the spoiler of innocence should have felt the vigour of his arm. He should have revenged a sister's wrong, but I am weak, and can only call on heaven to revenge. To its eternal justice I resign my cause; and if this should be my last words--" And they were indeed, for his venerable form sunk down on the stone--and I call the villagers to bear the corpse to the cottage.\*\*\*\*\*

#### THE CELEBRATED HOGARTH.

A FEW months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he entitled *A TAIL PIECE*; the first idea, which is said to have been started in company, while a convivial glass was circulating round his table.---"My new undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be--The End of Things." If that is the case, replied one of his friends, your business will be finished, for there will be an end of the painter. There will be, answered Hogarth, fighting bravely, and therefore the sooner my work is done, the better. Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension (as the report goes) he should not live till he had completed it. This, however, he did, in the most ingenious manner, by grouping every thing which could denote the end of all things--a broken bottle--an old broom--a to the slump--the butt end of an old musket--a cracked bell--a bow unstrung--a crown tumbled in pieces--towers in ruins--the sign post of a tavern, called the World's End, tumbling--the Moon in her wane, the Map of the globe burning--a gibbet falling, the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down--Phaeton's horses dead in the clouds--a vessel wrecked--Tim with his hour glass and scythe broken--a tobacco pipe, his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out--a play book opened, with execrable omens stamp'd in the corner--empty purse--and a statue of bankruptcy taken out against Nature. So far so good, cried Hogarth: nothing remains but this; and dashing off the similitude of a painter's palette broken, "Finit!" (exclaimed Hogarth) the deed is done, all is over." It is a very remarkable fact, and little known perhaps, that he died in about a month after finishing the *Tail Piece*; and it is well known he never again took the pallet in hand, to the infinite loss of society.

#### MEMORY.

WHEN an offer was made to Themistocles, to teach him the art of memory, he answered that he would rather weep for the art of forgetfulness. In misery or distress it affords no comfort to the mind to reflect on former days, while the contrast rising to the view heightens the sense of the present embarrassments, and renders them less tolerable. It will be more useful to shrink from recollection, and to look forward to prospects that may brighten; for there is no state of distress from which HE who beholds the destiny of man cannot elevate and restore him.

#### REMARK.

WE heap suppers upon dinners, and dinners upon suppers without intermission; it costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly happy.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1800.

Every arrival from Europe brings accounts of dreadful battles, and carnage of the human species--of garments rolled in blood--and for what? The answer is at hand, for the restoration of despotism and popery. How long this state of degeneracy is to continue, God only knows; but we trust, that the time is at hand, when men will estimate their own dignity, and not be vassals to the tools of power, and instrumental to satiate their abominable and atrocious ambition. Kings generally go to the bar of God covered with blood--they are the murderers of the human race.

Dispatches from our Envoys at Paris, have reached the Secretary of State--they are dated April 18. It is said, they contain an account of our ministers being received in a friendly manner and that they had entered on the business of the Negotiation, in which they had made some progress. George-Town Paper

Dispatches from our Commissioners in France, were received yesterday ten o'clock, at the Secretary of States' office in Washington. They were read by Mr. Marshall, and immediately forwarded to the President at Baintree. It is said they contain accounts, that some progress had been made in the business of negotiation. Alex. pap.

Last Saturday evening, a laboring man returning home to his family, suddenly dropped down in the street, supposed to be occasioned by the bursting of a blood-vessel, and expired almost instantaneously.

Hugh Cate, of Simsbury, (Conn.) a lad about 13 years of age, was, on the 21st inst. burnt to death, by communicating fire from a candle to a cask of spirits while emptying it.

On Monday last, a person who had taken lodgings at the sign of the Swan, in Third street, Philadelphia, made an attempt on his life, by ripping open his belly with a sharp knife. He has since been carried to the Pennsylvania Hospital, where he lies very ill.

The ship Abigail, from this port to Hamburg, is taken by the St. Albans, (British frigate) and sent for Halifax.

The seamen taken on board the vessel carrying slaves, were on Thursday last week, landed at Philadelphia, from the schooner Experiment, and committed to prison.

Accounts from Detroit, of June 2, says--"That the Indians are fighting among themselves; and that numbers have been killed in the Wabash country. Six Wiamons, who had stolen horses on Siota, had been killed by the white men. Bits of wampum, with war speeches, have been sent to the different nations in this quarter."

The following is extracted from a Paris paper of June 18.

On the 10th May, arrived in the Road of Havre, the American frigate Portsmouth, Capt. McNeil, of 26 guns, in 36 days from New-York--Two officers went on shore near the battery de la Heve and were escorted to the city by soldiers of the post. They went to inform the commander, that this frigate had been sent to Havre, to wait there for the Commissioners, who were negotiating with our government. They received assurances that the French nation, and particularly the inhabitants of Havre would give them an honorable and hospitable reception. They returned on board with a French Officer, an interpreter and a Pilot, who were doubtless charged to offer the Captain any assistance he might stand in need of and to make the necessary arrangements for the entry of the frigate. On the officers going ashore, the Portsmouth fired 15 guns. The batteries returned the salute with nine guns, which was answered by the Portsmouth with 15 more. The negotiation is near being honorably terminated for both parties; and, it is expected, the American Commissioners will leave this city, the latter end of June.

The brig Dove, Captain Johnson, arrived here on Saturday, in 9 days from New-Providence, brought in three of the hands who lately belonged to the schooner Flying-Fish, Captain Packwood, of Providence, from the coast of Guinea to Havana with slaves, having previously put into St Thomas' for hands. On the passage, while the En-

glish brig Neptune, Captain Cockburn, was in chase of the Flying-Fish, all the slaves were let adrift to trim the schooner, who embraced that opportunity of raising upon the crew--A conflict ensued, in which Captain Packwood, his two mates, and two men, and ten slaves were killed. The three others of the crew saved themselves by running up to the main head, and remaining there until the Neptune captured her. She was sent into New-Providence, a paper of which place contains the following article on this subject:

Nassau, N. P. July 8.

This morning arrived, the Neptune privateer, Captain Cockburn, from a cruise, and brought in two Danish schooners with slaves. The negroes of one of them, had rose upon the crew; murdered the Captain, his two mates, and two men. They had the audacity to fire into the Neptune, but after receiving two broadsides, which killed and wounded 15 of them, they submitted. The Neptune had two men wounded.

#### A DESTRUCTIVE HAIL STORM.

NORTH-GUILFORD, July 9th 1800.

On the 7th inst. about 3 o'clock, P. M. the inhabitants of this society observed a small black cloud emerging above the mountain, called Bluff head. The course of the cloud was very singular; it had then nearly completed a circle round the town of Durham, when it was met by a counter wind of superior strength, which propelled it with great velocity, in a direction from the N. E. to S. W. It now assumed an aspect truly terrific, involving and closing with such agitation as to excite in the beholders the fear of what they were afterwards compelled to realize. It came on with great rapidity, attended with lightning and thunder, a violent wind, rain and hail as we have never before known in this town, the largest stones measuring from 6 to 9 inches in circumference; they were not of a globular form, but were very flat, with sharp edges calculated to cut and destroy. Where the wind concentrated its force, fences, lofty trees and vegetables bowed into the dust, corn, flax and English grain were chopped to pieces by the hail. Some fields, it is thought, are wholly ruined, others but in part. Where houses were exposed, much glass was dashed in, and it is said that a lad about nine years old was carried 5 or 6 rods clear of the ground, but neither he nor any other person received any injury, except the temporary pain of the hail.

PARIS, June 2.

For three days we have had no news from the Chief Consul. He had informed the Consul Cambaceres, that he should be some days without writing. This sudden silence announces the execution of some great military operation. Until the present, Buonaparte has not passed a day without writing to his wife, to the Consuls, or to the Ministers who were in need of some decision.

The Minister of war yesterday received a courier from Genoa. He brings intelligence that General Massena in a fortie made at several points, took 4700 of the enemy prisoners, and has procured provisions for 30 days.

They write from Delingen that General Moreau had sent an Adjutant to General Kray, to inform him that France preferred peace to war; and if the Imperial army would retire beyond the Lech, the French army would retire beyond the Rhine, in order that they might in the mean time treat of an armistice. General Kray, it is said, sent for reply that the answer to these propositions must be made at Vienna.

It was by a stratagem that the French got possession of the Fort of Honkenwell. They sent to the Commandant a false order of the Duke of Wirtemberg, in which he was informed of the expected arrival of a body of 500 men to reinforce the garrison. A short time after, a French corps, disguised in Austrian and Wirtemburgeoise uniforms appeared at the gates of the Fort. They were received, and the Commandant, the dupe of his credulity, was obliged to surrender the place. This Fort in point of strength and situation can only be compared to Fort Koenigstein in Saxony.

For sale by John Harrison, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

JACHIN and BOAZ:

OR,

AN AUTHENTIC KEY TO THE DOOR

OF

Free Masonry,

BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN.

#### COURT of HYMEN.

GUARD them, HYMEN! and secure Picares which may long endure.

#### MARRIED

At Philadelphia, Mr JOHN CURIS, formerly of Germantown, to Miss BATHSHEBA TROTH, of Moore's Town, New-Jersey.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr Livingston, the Rev. PETER LOWE, of Flatbush, to Miss ELIZA BAUMAN, daughter of Col S. Bauman, of this city.

#### MORTALITY.

Think, Mortals! what it is to die!

#### DIED,

At Hempstead, Miss JANE MOTT, widow, aged 89 years, and her daughter PHEBE SMITH, wife of Zebulon Smith. The latter going on a visit to her aged parent, was taken ill on the road with a pain in her head, and died instantly.

At Scarborough, on the 4th of last month, of madness, a son of Mr Enoch Berry, aged 10 years. This boy was bitten in April last by a cat, which at that time was supposed to be affected with madness, and was immediately shot on that account. The wound was perfectly healed in a few days, and the boy was apparently well till Tuesday, July 1st, when he complained of the wounded hand paining him. The symptoms of madness soon after began; he refused all food except apples, which he bit at, and ate without touching them with his hands. Water was then offered him, and the Physician ordered it poured out before him, but he turned from it with disgust, and was greatly agitated when he saw it. He tried to bite every thing which came in his way, and once fastened his teeth on his father's arm, took out a piece of his coat and shirt, but fortunately did not touch the flesh. He had his senses perfectly at intervals, knew his friends, but was all the time in the greatest agonies. There was no great variation in the symptoms, excepting that they grew stronger, and his horror became more extreme until Friday evening, when he expired in the most excruciating tortures.

#### LIME.

THE best Rhode-Island LIME for sale, at any time, and at the cheapest rate, by the quantity, or measure, as usual, in the cellar of the old Flour Store,

No. 49 BARCLAY-STREET.

As a medicine, too much cannot be said in commendation of it. Mix it with hog's lard, in such proportions as will be directed, and it will make the celebrated Scotch Ointment. Put it in water, and it will make drops, which will cure coughs, colds, wheezings, shortness of breath, consumptions, &c &c. The public are most respectfully informed, that for their better accommodation, the price is reduced from ten to eight shillings per bushel. As it far exceeds any thing ever invented, for the cure of damp and musty cellars, foul gutters, and infectious sinks, it is greatly to be lamented that the citizens do not make a more frequent use of it for these purposes.

NB At the corner of the house is an image, representing a man white-washing; and, as children and servants have frequently mistaken or forgot their direction, it is hoped that this new and singular sign will, for the future, prove a leading mark.

August 2, 14 11

#### FRENEAU'S POEMS.

For sale at John Harrison's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-slip,

#### POEMS,

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

BY

PHILIP FRENEAU.

A new edition, revised and corrected by the Author; including a considerable number of pieces never before published.

#### Stamped Paper.

BONDS, NOTES, BILLS of LADING, &c. for Sale by J. Harrison, no. 3 Peck-Slip.





## COURT of APOLLO.

The following beautiful production has been in our possession some weeks, but owing to the redundancy of other matter, we have not, till now, been able to give it a place.

### SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LIVERPOOL MARINE SOCIETY.

Published in September, 1799.

WHAT is life but an ocean, precarious to those  
Which surround this terraqueous ball!  
What is man but a bark, often laden with woe,  
What is death but the harbor of all?  
On our passage, to-day may be mild and serene,  
And our loftiest canvass be shewn;  
While to-morrow fierce tempests shall blacken the scene,  
And our masts by the board may be gone.

On life's rosy morn, with a prosperous breeze,  
We all our light sails may display,  
With a cloudless horizon may sleep at our ease,  
And of sorrow ne'er feel the salt spray:  
But ere we have reach'd our meridian, the gale  
From the point of ill-fortune may blow,  
And the fan of our being, all cheerless and pale,  
May set in the wild waves of woe.

Experience, when bound o'er the turbulent waves,  
Remembers that ill may arise,  
And with sedulous care, ere the danger he braves,  
His bark with spare tackle supplies:  
So you, on life's ocean, with provident minds,  
Have here a spare anchor secur'd,  
With which, in despite of adversity's winds,  
The helpless will one day be morn'd.

When the strong arm of winter uplifts the blue main,  
And snow-flurms and ship-wrecks abound,  
When hallow-cheek'd famine infects the fell pain,  
And the swamp flings destruction around,  
When the folly of rulers embroils human kind,  
And myriads are robb'd of their breath;  
This wise institution may come o'er the mind,  
And may soften the pillow of death.

The poor widow'd mourner, the sweet prattling throng,  
And the veteran, whose powers are no more,  
Shall here find an arm to defend them from wrong,  
And to chase meager want from their door:  
This is tempering the wind to the lamb newly thorn,  
This is following the ant's prudent ways;  
And, O blest institution! the child yet unborn,  
With rapture shall lift forth thy praise.

### ANECDOTE.

A GERMAN peasant, newly enlisted in the army, was scarcely arrived at the regiment, when he was sent with others upon a skirmishing party; and approaching a wood in which a party of the French were posted, who immediately fired upon the Germans, and while the musket balls were flying very thick, the honest peasant stepped out of the ranks, making a sign to the enemy to desist, at the same time bawled out—"Why what the devil are you firing for, don't you see there are people a coming?"

### NOTICE

IS hereby given to the public, that the subscribers have taken the FERRY from Long-Island to Catharine-Slip, (commonly called the NEW FERRY)--And whereas it has been very much neglected heretofore, the public may now rely on the strictest attention on both sides, by  
STANTON and WATERBERRY.  
New-York, May 10. 02 if

### WANTED.

A Journeyman Cabinet Maker, and an Apprentice to the Cabinet Making Business--Enquire of A. Anderson, no 50 Beekman-street, who has for sale, a general assortment of the most fashionable Furniture. 37 if

## MORALIST.

### COMPETENCY.

THE desires of man increase with his acquisitions. Every one who reads this will feel the truth of this remark; he will recollect some point, which in prospect he considered as the summit of his wishes; but that point gained, and he still looks farther, to something still before him that is to bound his wishes. Where necessity ends, luxury begins, and we no longer are supplied with every thing that nature requires, than we sit down to contrive artificial wants and appetites; and mankind like the grave, will never say, "It is enough."

### ERUPTIONS and HUMORS on the FACE and SKIN.

Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ring-worms, Tan, Sun-burns, Freckles, Shingles, Scorbatic and Cutaneous Eruptions of every description, Prickly-heat, Redness of the Nose, Acne, &c. &c. are effectually and speedily cured by  
DR. CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This Lotion is excelled by no other in the world. It has been administered by the proprietors for several years in Europe and America with the greatest success. By the simple application of this fluid, night and morning, it will remove the most dangerous and alarming Scourge in the Face. It is perfectly safe, yet powerful, and possesses all the good qualities of the most celebrated cosmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended as a certain and efficacious remedy, and a valuable and almost indispensable appendage to the toilet, infinitely superior to the common trash--Cream drawn from Violets and Milk from Roses! It suffices it however to say it has been administered to MANY THOUSANDS in the United States and West-Indies with the greatest and most unparalelled success, and without even a single complaint of its inefficacy. Price--Half-Pint, 75 Cents--Pints, 1 dollar and 25 Cents.

Prepared and sold by the inventor and sole proprietor, Dr. James Church, at his dispensary, no 137 Front-Street, and by his appointment, at the General Intelligence Office, no. 81 William-street.

### NEW NOVELS

For sale by John Harrison, Peck-Slip.

Horrors of Oakendale Abbey, Charlotte Temple, Emilia d' Varmont, or the Necessary Divorce, Alexis, or the Cottage in the Woods, Louisa, the lovely Orphan, or the Cottage on the Moor, Ambrose and Eleanor, Sorrows of Werter, Galatea, a Pastoral Romance, (by M. Cervantes) Paul and Virginia, an Indian Story, Two Cousins, Ambrosio, or the Monk, by M. G. Lewis, Esq; Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne, The Coquette, Children of the Abbey, Wickand, or the Transformation, Ormond, or the Secret Witnesses, Tom Jones, Letters of Charlotte, during her connexion with Werter, Camilla, Romance of the Forest, The Italian, Evelina, Paul and Mary, Young Widow, The Nun, Nature and Art, Gonzalvo of Cordova, Arundel, Haunted Priory, Memoirs of a Baroness, Pamela, Simple Story, Man of the World, Fatal Follies, Inquisition, or Invisible Rambler, Fool of Quality, Mysteries of Udolpho, Mytic Cottager, Select Stories, Count Roderick's Castle, Female Constancy, Edward, Madame d' Barnevelt, Sutton Abbey, Zeluco, Maurice, Audley Fortescue, Prince of Brittany, Caroline of Lichtfield, Baron Trenck, Man of Feeling, Telemachus, Citizen of the World, Sentimental Journey, Roderick Random, Haunted Cavern, a Caledonian Tale, Julia Benson, Vicar of Wakefield, Gabrielle de Vergey, Netley Abbey, a Gothic Story, Perfidious Guardian.

### JOHN WESSELLS,

#### LOOKING GLASS FRAME MAKER,

No. 12 Barclay-street, near the Roman Chapel,  
Has for sale, an assortment of the most fashionable Looking Glasses, with mahogany frames, which he will sell on the most reasonable terms. April 5, 1800. 97 1y

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Elegant, entertaining and instructive Extracts from the  
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BY  
SAMUEL LOW.

The second volume is now in the press.

### Mrs. SAUNDERS

Has removed her MILINERY from No. 13 to No. 121 William-street, (the house lately occupied by Mr Benjamin I. Moore) where her customers and others may be supplied as usual, with the following articles, on the lowest terms, viz. Straw Trimmings, Silk and Cotton Gimps and Trimmings, Frogs and Ruffles for Ladies Gowns, Silk and Cotton Girdles for the waist--with a general assortment of Milinery as usual. NB. Two or three Apprentices wanted to the above business. May 3. if

### GEORGE BUCKMASTER, BOAT BUILDER,

No. 191, Cherry-street, opposite the Hay Scales, Ship Yards, New-York,

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat Shop from Water-street to the above situation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almost every dimension, and on terms as low as any in New-York. NB Sweeps and Oars of all sizes.

### A MORNING SCHOOL,

FROM 6 till 8, A. M. where YOUNG LADIES who wish to improve in Reading, English Grammar, Elocution, Writing, Arithmetic, the Elements of Astronomy and Geography, the use of the Globes and Maps, will have the strictest attention paid to their instruction, by the subscriber, at his Seminary for Young Ladies, no. 91 Beekman-street. GAD ELY.

### MINIATURE PAINTING.

MR. PARISEN respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that, from his late improvement in that art, and the great success he has had in the likenesses he has lately taken, he will engage to draw the most perfect likenesses, and finely painted in miniature. Should any of his pictures not prove properly satisfactory in regard to the likenesses or painting, Mr. P. will request no compensation for his trouble--Profiles, and all kinds of hair devices, neatly executed. No 252 William-street. 04 if

### KOTZEBUE'S WORKS.

Just published, and for sale at N. Judah's Book Store, No. 47 Water-street.

PIZARRO, a Tragedy, price 2s. LOVERS VOWS, a Comedy. COUNT BENYOWSKY, do. STRANGER, do.

CONSTANT LOVERS, or William and Jeanette, a Novel, price 6s.

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